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KNOTTY



**LORRIE NEWMAN
& PIA SANDS**

IN TWIN TORMENT

ALSO:

**TANYA RAIDER
TAMARA JONES
PAMELA CROWLEY
LANA ALBERTS
TRICIA ALLEN
LINDA SHELDON
SUE RAIDER
LYNN JOHNSON**

**HOM FICTION
READER MAIL**

3 BISHOP ILLUSTRATIONS



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TWIN TORMENT
WITH PIA SANDS
& LORRIE NEWMAN



THE COLLECTOR
WITH PAMELA CROWLEY
& LANA ALBERTS



BONDAGE INNOCENT
WITH SUE RAIDER
& LYNN JOHNSON



HOM FICTION:
1. ROPE DANCER
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IN SUBMISSION



READER MAIL
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PERSONAL TASTE
WITH TANYA RAIDER
& TAMARA JONES



SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART
WITH TRICIA ALLEN
& LINDA SHELDON

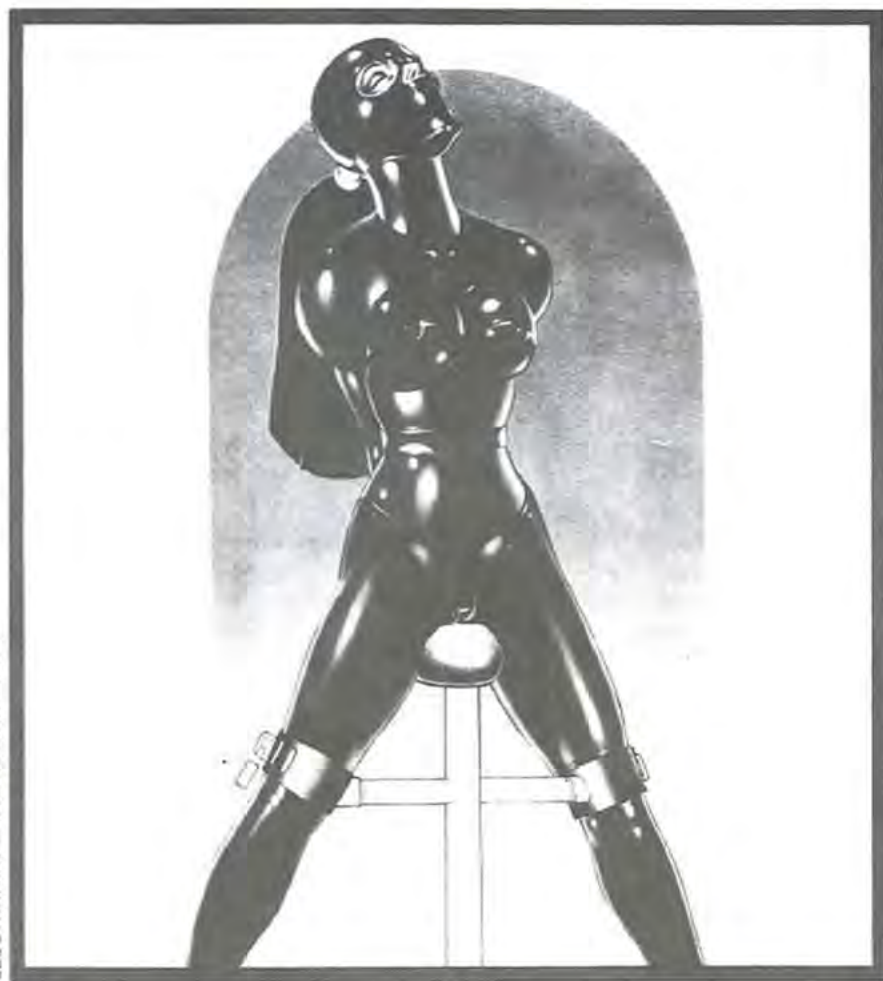
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READER MAIL

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Dear Ms. Behr:

My name is Lynda, and I am writing on behalf of the group that my husband and I belong to. We are a group of four couples who have been into B&D/S&M for the last two or three years. Two of the other couples we met through ads in *Latent Image*. The other couple we have known and shared B&D experiences with for at least five years. It has been since we became a group of four couples, however, that we have become more organized and gotten more out of activities and relationships.

In our group all the men are dominant and the women submissive, but only within set time frames and limits. We are all housewives and/or working women, and two of us have children. Generally speaking, there is no special distinction of superiority between the men and women from morning through mid-evening. At that point, however, when all the usual chores are done and the children are in bed, as well as on special weekends or other pre-

determined times, there is a very definite distinction as to who is the master and who is the slave.

We have played and enjoyed our master/slave games both individually and in groups at special parties that we have at least twice a month. The men are all handy at making things for our get-togethers, and we and two other couples have special extra rooms that are used for our parties when more space is called for.

In the past year we have developed a variation of the point system for determining how some of our sessions should go, based on each slave's conduct. The basic point chart is like many I'm sure you've seen where each possible breach of conduct or type of offense has a particular value. At the end of a specified period the total value is added up to determine what should be done to correct the slave's conduct. Frequently, this value is equated to a specific punishment and its duration, such as one point equals ten hard spanks and one hour

bound in the closet, or three points equal five lashes from the whip while suspended and full suspension for two hours, or seven points equal twenty-five lashes, full suspension, breast clamps, etc., etc. All punishments are fixed relative to the points accumulated with little or no variation or element of surprise. One always knows just what to expect.

We used that method for awhile, but found it to be less interesting with each session. Our variation allows us to know how many points we've accumulated, but never what the punishment will actually be. The actual determination is made by each individual slave herself, but not in a manner she has control over. In the past year we've taken individual and combined photos of each item we use in our sessions, as well as photos of each variation of bondage that has been used. These are a basic part of our system and are divided into three categories: type of bondage or position, main punishment, and add-ons or minor additional torments.

The bondage category includes photos of full suspension, spread-eagle positions, hogtie positions, etc., as well as use of the cage, rack, stocks, and many others items.

The main punishment includes photos of specific items for use on the slave, such as whips, breast clamps, oversize dildos, sawhorse, and so on.

The add-ons are the minor additional toys that are used while the first two categories are being employed. These include nipple clips and other types of clamps, pins, weights, special dildos, gags, and a variety of other small instruments.

It is from this group of photos that each slave determines or chooses her own punishment combination. With our method she may choose a punishment that is perhaps harsher than necessary, but is controlled by the period of time involved. The main function of the point total is to establish a time period.

The variations possible for each point accumulation are listed on an index card that each woman has. The little index or rule card that sets the rules is marked with three letters, T, I, and P—T for Time, I for Inducements, and P for Position. Depending on the number of points accumulated, one makes a blind choice of a variety of photos which are in the I and P categories. The index cards and their requirements are

set up as follows.

Inducements are in two sets, major and minor. A selection is necessary from both. The major category defines the item that will be used for the real part of the punishment—a strap or whip, full breast clamps, the mask of silence and darkness, the liniment-coated dildo, etc. The number of strokes of the whip or strap is equal to twice the number of points accumulated. The minor category includes the little add-ons such as various nipple clips, pins, rope, clit clamps and rings, etc.

Positions are the basic methods in which the slave is to be bound during the punishment period. Depending on the points accumulated (between one and twenty), we can make from one to five choices from each category. The number of choices desired must be made in advance of selection. It's a hard choice to make. If you pick only one and it turns out to be extremely severe, you have to put up with it throughout the entire session. If you make more than one choice, the odds of getting at least one bad one are increased. The only advantage of making more than one selection is that the time period is decreased accordingly. Two choices means half of the total time for each, three a third of the time, etc.

After you indicate the number of selections desired, the photos are laid out on a table, picture side down, with twice as many photos as the number given. You then make a potluck selection of the unknown punishments. There are some situations in which the I and P categories conflict, the combination being impossible or impractical, such as using the full breast clamps in conjunction with the wire loop bra. If that is the case, the P category has priority and a substitute selection is made from the I category. The points and selections are all that are indicated on the rule card, as shown below:

Points	T (Hours)	I (Major)	I (Minor)	P
1-8	1	2	2	2
9-12	2	3	3	3
13-16	4	4	4	4
17-20	7	5	5	5

21 and over: special decision required

T=Time, I=Inducements, P=Position

In all cases, punishment sessions are scheduled in advance to allow sufficient time for preparation and execution of the punishments. Selections are made at least two days in advance of the session and at least ten minutes is allowed for preparation for each choice. For a point accumulation of seventeen to twenty and making the maximum selection of five choices from each category, a total time of nine and a half hours is needed, seven hours for the

basic session and another two and a half hours for fifteen total choices at ten minutes each. Obviously there are times when a full day or weekend is needed so advance scheduling is required. Of course, once you have made and know your selections, the waiting period until the actual session is a torture by itself, just thinking about what you're going to get. As all punishments are given at the same session to all slaves, there can be quite a time difference involved between one with a high point accumulation and another with a low one. In all cases, all slaves have to remain and watch until the last session is over. Any of us who are not in use for serving or other purposes while a session is being completed are usually held in a partially suspended position, this not being considered especially severe bondage.

I won't go into specifics as to all of the punishments of our latest session, which just ended, but I will summarize my own.

I had accumulated fifteen points. This meant a basic four hour session. I chose only two variations from each of the choice categories, feeling that I could take two hours of almost any combination without too much difficulty. My first choice combination, fortunately, was not too difficult but was very uncomfortable. This was to be hogtied in the cage with weighted nipple clamps.

The second choice was not as good. The basic position was for full suspension with my legs spread and anchored to the floor. The main punishment was for the full breast clamps, the narrow ones that concentrate all the pressure in one area and hurt the most. The add-ons were one of the combination torments: weighted spring alligator clips and pins.

It was necessary to put the breast clamps on first. (To do it while suspended would have been impossible.) My hands were tied behind me and pulled up to the ceiling, forcing me to bend over and let my breasts (36-C) hang down. The clamps were then put in position across the tops and under my breasts, then tightened with the adjusting screws until the narrow boards were deep in my flesh and the forward part of each breast was swollen out like a bulging balloon. The part of my breasts that was under the boards was flattened to almost nothing and bulged to each side. Barry (my husband) was doing the tightening and kept on going long after I started asking him to stop. He feels that he knows my limitations better than I do. Once the clamps were in position to his satisfaction, my arms were let down from behind and my wrists retied in front of me and attached to a rope in the ceiling.

Being pulled upward was agony to my crushed breasts as the position caused my skin to be stretched upward across my chest, making the clamps feel even tighter. I felt and hoped that I would pass out before they were done but I didn't.

I thought I would be able to ignore the little add-ons, considering the pain I was already in, but I was wrong. The spring alligator clips with the steel teeth burned like fire on my nipples, and the pins were applied slowly to my breasts and thighs. The pins were the long T type, with relatively thick shafts. If they are just jabbed on quickly, the pain isn't too severe, but if they're pushed in slowly, you can almost feel each layer of skin being penetrated, and the pain continues until the piercing is completed. Eight pins were placed into each of my breasts and the balance into my spread thighs. When the weights were added to the clamps, my agony was complete. Each weight was one pound lead fishing weights that pulled terribly at the steel jaws in my nipples.

The time that must be served only starts after all methods of punishment are completed. It had taken almost half an hour up to the time that the last weight was attached. I had two full hours of suspended agony to go. It was one of the longest periods of pain I think I've ever endured.

Of course, I should add that one does not merely hang around in the position I was in. There are the secondary attentions one gets from each of the masters during the punishment period. These include any pleasurable or painful procedures that a master may feel in the mood for on a naked and tormented woman. These are considered as merely routine and not a part of the basic punishment requirements. A particularly painful item was holding a lighted candle under the heads of several of the T pins. The heat traveling through the shafts is quite agonizing. A more pleasurable item involves a variety of dildos, their use requiring no real explanation.

I know this is a long letter, and I apologize for that, but I felt you might be interested in our point system variation. If you feel that any of your readers might also be interested, so much the better. I am writing because I feel we have something to share and because the group felt it was a good idea.

While your books and films are a bit mild by our standards, there are too many good basic ideas and themes to ignore.

Hope you find this letter of some interest and that you have continued success.

Sincerely,

Lynda J.

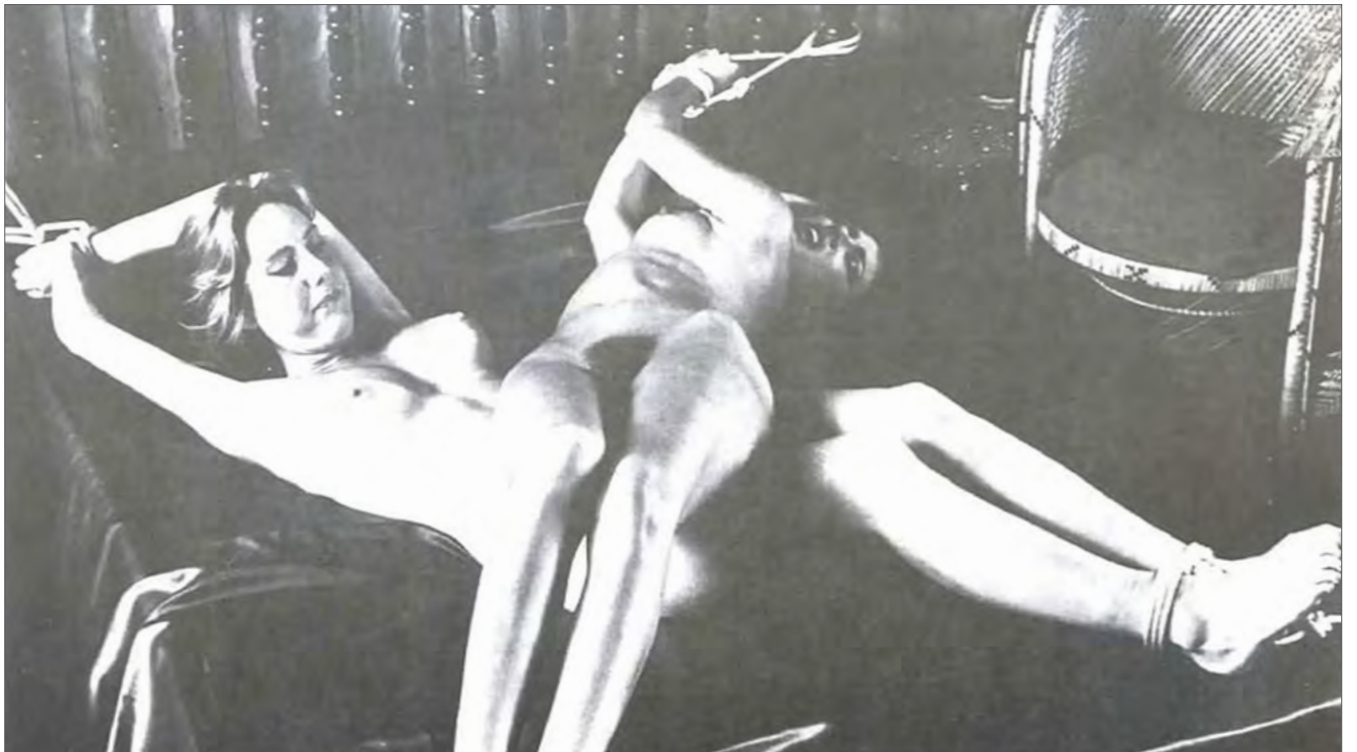
North Hollywood, CA

TWIN TORMENT

WITH PIA SANDS & LORRIE NEWMAN



I thought that there could be nothing better than to have Pia naked and bound before me. But there is: Having Pia and Lorrie bound, naked, and squirming, trying to look around to see what I'll do next, is sheer torment for me.



Round, succulent, open, and helpless, they lie bound on the satin sheets, struggling with their bonds—the bonds that tie me to them more than they tie each into immobility.

THE COLLECTOR

WITH PAMELA CROWLEY & LANA ALBERTS

I'm a glutton. I adore girls. I cannot get enough of them. They absorb me totally. Their breasts and hairy triangles absorb me to distraction. If one girl is good, then two are suely better. And then after two . . . but that's dream stuff. Perhaps next month. Ah yes, the darlings must be naked and bound. Bound forever—what a nice sound that has! I am a connoisseur of girls. I am a girl myself.

The male creatures with whom I must deal delivered Lana and Chrissy already stripped and bound in total helplessness. It is work I would have preferred to do myself, but the service of the males was good, and I intend to use them again. The world is full of girls and can well afford a few of them for me. I intend to whip them in methodical rotation, so one is not enough. I will long remember the expression on the darling faces as they stood, tugging at their bonds, watching me write the check by which I purchased them. Their reactions were predictable.

"You have to be kidding!"

"You can't get away with this!"

I did not answer this flurry of feminine protest. I will not indulge these gorgeous creatures. Instead, I walked around and around their trussed nudities as they stood against the bedpost to which I had their abductors tie them for my first inspection. Their eyes followed me in wide, shocked disbelief.

"You're only a girl! You can't possibly—"

"Let us loose and we'll just go home before we get too mad at you."

"You can go to jail for this."

"I think I've seen you somewhere before."

The dears utter such delightful little cliches and endearing platitudes.

"If you can get yourselves loose, you can both go home," I assure them cheerfully. "Go ahead."

They eye me doubtfully. They are still under the delusion that they can defeat their bonds. They become frantic bundles of nakedness as they contort and twist. Finally, when they desist and stand, panting and sweaty, I tell them of my plans and of their new lives. I have their interest instantly.

"Your prisoners for life? You're crazy!"

"You wouldn't dare whip us like that—or do those other things."

"Untie us. We can't get loose ourselves. The ropes are hurting."

"We're bound to get loose sometime. Then you'll be in trouble."

"And don't get any ideas about us eating your pussy all day long."









I thrill as I handle them. Hot, angry, palpitating girl flesh fighting my cords—it's positively cunt crinkling! I dispose of them on my bed. The small resistance they came make only adds piquancy. I feel power and the sense of ownership possessing me as I work my will on the exquisite nudities as they battle—not so much with me as with their own disbelief at what I do. To aid them I fetch the whip.

"You're not going to hit us with that!"

"You wouldn't dare!"

I whip them slowly. I whip them because it gives me joy to mark their skins with the lovely pinks and reds of the thong. Lana and Chrissy squeal and writhe in a welter of breasts and limbs and pussy hair. The room fills with their pungency; my nostrils flare. I am being gloriously cruel. I am very happy. The whipping of these precious pets is a needful task. When I pause, their eyes hold penitence. They have crossed the first hurdle.

"Stop it—please stop it! Can't we talk?"

"If you've got some kind of proposition, please tell us."

I explain further. The two of them sit up, tugging and twisting at the lovely rope they will never escape. They listen doubtfully.

"You mean you enjoying whipping us?"

"Haven't you any idea how it hurts?"

I whip the puzzled darlings slowly and with love. They writhe, and my bed rocks with their pain. There is so much of them to whip.

Tomorrow I'll order two more. ■



BONDAGE INNOCENT

WITH SUE RAIDER & LYNN JOHNSON

Cindy always chides me about my bare breasts. I love to go around our house bare-breasted and mostly bare everything else. I've contrived a sort of costume more likely to gain my darling's respect. Cindy is a sweet innocent and dresses the part. By the time she had recovered from her first astonishment and annoyance at seeing me in what I call my working costume, I had her wrists tightly tied. It is a maneuver to which the poor dear should now be well accustomed, but she never seems to catch on. Each time I bind her, it comes as a fresh surprise. I must admit to entertaining doubts. I'm not at all sure Cindy does not enjoy her captivity. Out of affection and respect for her easily wounded sensibilities, I allow her to remain clothed.

"If you keep tying me up like this, Laura, I'm going to go room with Joyce. She's told me I can. What am I being tied up for this time?"

"Because I'm going to sit you on the high stool and make you exhibit at the social evening," I tell her jauntily. "Everybody enjoyed you last time."

"But last time you just tied my hands behind my back." Cindy pouts. "You've got me trussed up like a turkey at Christmas, and I don't want to sit up on the stool. I'll look ridiculous."

"You'll look sweet and desirable."

"No, I won't. I'll look untidy and silly, and unless you stand guard over me, the boys will be feeling me up all the time." Her eyes widen pleadingly. "And don't let Nora undress me like she did last time. That was horrid. Can't I say I'm sorry about tearing your dress? Can't I buy you a new one? Do you really have to punish me like this?"

"You know I do, darling. You know it's good for building your character. And don't kid me that you don't get a thrill out of it."

Cindy sniffs disdainfully. "You don't have to gag me. Please, Laura, don't gag me this time. I don't want to sit up on that stool like a dumb parrot on a perch."

"You know perfectly well you must be gagged. You say the stupidest things and ask everyone to untie you. We can't have that, can we?"

"I don't see why not. It would be a pleasant change."

She looks up at me imploringly but without hope. She's so terribly sweet, I haven't the heart to tell her she will be whipped later on as my final offering to the evening's guests.

I hope she likes that too. ■

















2: SPOTLIGHT

It was cleverly designed, cruel in its simplicity and totally anonymous. Cloris had no way of knowing where she was or who had placed her there. Her kidnapping had been brief and easy. The blindfold had been applied quickly, and her ears had given her no worthwhile clues. She believed it was a woman who had stripped and bound her, but she could not be sure. She had been gagged for awhile, but the gag had been removed, as had the blindfold. She stood alone beneath a spotlight, surrounded by an infinity of darkness. When she called for help, her voice echoed eerily and was lost. It was frightening.

There had been a voice. She believed it was disguised. It had told her to stand erect and still in her bonds. It had spoken of things too horrible to consider should she fail to obey. It had told her the time would seem long but would not be beyond her endurance.

There had been hands fastening the ropes upon her nude body, her wrists and elbows tied tightly behind her back. Then the two strands compressing her breasts and binding her upper arms were applied, along with a rope around her neck, all connecting and cinched. When her captor walked her to where she now stood, her feet were bound, the ropes crudely cutting her ankles in an erect pose hard to maintain. It would be so easy to fall. The spotlight defeated perspective. Cloris felt herself floating in a sea of darkness, a lovely naked microcosm in space.

At first she thought there might be somebody watching her from beyond the light. She had called out and shouted without response. She sensed a great deal of space, like an empty warehouse or a gymnasium. She stood in its center, nakedly exposed beneath the spotlight, an exhibit for anyone to examine from out in the gloom. Cloris wondered if it was a joke—a very unkind joke. She liked to think it was. A joke was the least frightening of all the things she could imagine.

It was vital that she get free. She hoped she could writhe against her bonds without violating the command to stand still. She tugged and pulled and twisted with all her supple strength but to no avail. She abandoned the attempt. It was useless, and it hurt her breasts. She was helpless. She

might as well face total helplessness as a fact of her condition. She was at someone's mercy but could not guess who. She looked down at the wide, heavy triangle of her pubic hair, shining darkly against her golden skin. She wondered how many had looked at it and smiled at its luxuriance. It was one of her prides.

She wracked her memory for an explanation, something said or done she had forgotten. She recalled the walk in the country with Dorothy and the two thugs with the gun. The incident had been horrifying but ultimately harmless. Isolated in the woods, the two girls had been ordered to strip naked. Expecting rape and cowed by the muzzle of the gun, they had removed their clothes, as the two men watched, uncaring that their faces were seen and might be recognized. Naked, the two girls had stood trembling for the assault or an order telling them to spread out on the grass, but the order never came. Instead, the gun had directed them to turn and take a step, to pose in this way and that as though for an unseen camera.

When it was over, one man said to the other, "Well?"

"Nice."

Only those two words were uttered by the two men. Then the gun was pocketed and the hoods went on their way—if they were hoods. Suppose that too might have been a joke. It was possible—two dirty-minded men wanting to see naked girls. Nothing had come of it. They had not gone to the police. Cloris asked herself if there was some similarity—some connection. Perhaps, perhaps.

She could not pinpoint the moment when she first became aware of movement and faint sound out beyond the wall of brilliance in which she stood. Soon there was no doubt. There were people, and they were concerned with her. Cringing in the shame of nakedness, twisting furtively at her bonds, Cloris began to plead for release.

"Please untie me. I'll do whatever you want, I promise. Please don't make me stand here like this any longer."

She was answered by deep silence as her plea was digested by unseen ears. Then, once more, the low whisper of stealthy voices began. Straining to hear, Cloris picked up occasional words. She

could make no sense of them, but there were many voices coming from the darkness.

"I won't try to get away," she promised. "You can blindfold me again if you don't want me to see you, but please take these ropes off my breasts. They're not doing any good, and they hurt terribly."

Cloris's outburst trailed away into the same silence as before. Someone laughed. Soon there were sounds at her back, then fingers upon the ropes. Soon the captive girl breathed a heartfelt thank you as her breasts were freed. But that was all. Her other bonds remained. She could not walk, and she had no hands.

"That was kind of you," she said to her unseen benefactor. "I'm grateful. I'll obey whatever you want me to do if you'll give me a chance."

From behind a gag was inserted in her mouth, its strap buckled harshly. Mute, she listened as the voices grew louder.

"Eighty thousand," someone said.

"Ninety."

"One hundred thousand!"

It sounded like bidding, as though she was the centerpiece at an auction. The offers mounted—the bids going higher and higher. Cloris stood in beauty and shock, scarcely believing the cash value of a girl. She could be sure of nothing. They must be joking, she thought, or perhaps the voices had no concern with her at all. When the bidding topped one million dollars, a hush fell over the room, the voices ceased, and the sounds vanished. Once more she was alone with her visions.

What would it be like to be a slave? ■



PERSONAL TASTE

WITH TANYA RAIDER & TAMARA JONES

So what's so weird about this? When you looked as good as Iris, you might lounge around your own spartan apartment in a merry widow corset and "super boots" yourself. It made her feel good, all right? And since it was inside where no one could see, what harm could it do?

Well, Tina could see, and she wasn't delirious with joy about it. No, she was nearly delirious with longing. It was tough enough rooming with Iris, who looked so good in just jeans and a sweatshirt, but then she had to go and get dolled up like this in "private." Well, two could play at that game.

Tina knew Iris had a healthy social life, so she put on the outfit which would've excited her if the T-strap high heels had been on the other foot and the slinky leather minidress had been on the other body. Ah, but things were never easy. Iris reacted to Tina's come-on as if she were the Hunchback of Notre Dame. This, in the words of a great long-eared cartoon animal, called for a little strategy.

"What did you think?" Tina cooed to her soon trussed captive, "I was made of stone? You think you could dress like that and I wouldn't notice?"

Iris was quite—too quiet. Tina didn't like the look in her eye, so she tied the blonde's ankles as well. There'd be no sudden kicks now.

"Now let's see just how adverse you really are," Tina said, her hands all over her roommate.

Iris, of course, didn't call for help. Determined and obstinate as she was, she didn't start moaning until Tina's tongue came into play.

"You see?" the sultry brunette said. "It's all a matter of personal taste."

Iris couldn't help but agree. ■











3: INSTRUCTION IN SUBMISSION

I thought at first I was kidnapped. I'd never seen the guy before, but after he'd torn my dress and tied me up he didn't take me and dump me in the trunk of a car the way I expected. He brought me down here to the playroom and dumped me on the rug like I was a sack of potatoes. I landed with a thud that made me yelp. I figured he did it on purpose to show me who was boss.

Being raped or kidnapped is something every girl thinks about a lot. I've always thought about it with a mixture of hope and fear. Oh, sure, I'm ashamed of the hope, but it's still there. I have to admit this guy's handling me like a package and trussing me up with rope he must have bought especially for me did give me a bit of a thrill between my legs along with the fear. It would be a delicious combination if only a girl could keep it within bounds and know she wasn't going to be killed. So far as rape goes, girls are being raped all over the place all the time, except they give it other names like "having a ball" or "getting a good lay." This excitement about rape seems to me a needless complication.

But I have not been raped. I asked the guy about it, but he didn't bother to answer. In fact, he never said a word, just half stripped me and tied me up real helpless. So there I crouched, with a bruised bottom, on the playroom floor, wondering what the hell the deal was when Cedric walked in.

Cedric is my husband. He's quite useful because he inherited a little money, as well as having a good job. He isn't the best I've known in bed, but I suppose a girl can't have everything. He looked down at me without a particle of surprise, and I began to see the light. I wasted no time.

"Get me out of this, Cedric you idiot!" I demanded. "Don't just stand there—untie me!"

Cedric did not untie me. Instead, he examined all the ropes by which I was made helpless. He nodded in satisfaction.

"Very nice job, Ruby. Think you can wriggle loose?"

"You know damn well I can't! Look here, Cedric, you'd have a hand in this, I can tell. Who was that bozo who did this to me?"

"Just a friend who's had wife trouble himself. He was helping out."

"Cedric, don't be more of an asshole

than you are already. Untie me. And what's this all about anyway?"

I was so mad I did a struggle that just got me hot and flustered, causing my husband to view me with interest. But it left me exactly where I started—tied up tight on our playroom floor.

"I am not an asshole," he said as I finished my struggle. "Ruby, you are about to embark on a course of instruction in wifely submission. You will emerge a new woman."

Oh, shit! I mean, think of it yourself: Cedric, my husband, was holding some deep dark threat over my head, and I couldn't do anything about it. He looked at me with that same clinical sort of interest he shows when I shuck my panties before giving him a good time.

"I don't want to be a good wife. I want to be untied right now," I said savagely. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I intend to punish you for being such a little bitch, my sweet."

"Drop dead! You and who else?"

"I need no help. Please consider your condition. I can do as I please with you. You no longer have anything to say about anything."

"I'll have a lot to say to the judge. Damn it, Cedric, I've always given you a piece of tail any time you wanted it—or almost any time."

"And mocked my performance afterwards! I understand you refer to me among your girlfriends as 'The Rooster.'"

"That's just a figure of speech, Cedric. Look, these ropes hurt. The one around my middle is cutting me in two. If you don't untie me right quick, I'm going to cry."

"Please do, Ruby. You don't cry nearly enough. I intend to give you something to cry about."

It was at this point that I realized I was in trouble. There was something in Cedric's voice. The whole time I'd been twisting my wrists, and there was no way I could get them loose. Once more I inquired about my most pressing concern.

"Cedric, what are you going to do to me?"

"I intend to thrash you."

Coming from Cedric this announcement was almost the same as Tiny Tim promising to beat up Muhammad Ali. I laughed. At

that moment it seemed really funny, but it didn't stay funny very long. Cedric got real pink-faced over my amusement, but he also produced a nasty looking little whip, the kind they call a quirt. It has two heavy hide thongs and is supposed to be used on horses, not girls. Without any further ado, he pushed me over on my tummy and proceeded to beat my ass with that beastly quirt. I had no idea a quirt could hurt so bad. In fact, I'd never had any idea about getting my ass whipped at all. I howled and heaved, but all Cedric had to do to keep me under control and with my red bottom in full prominence was to put a foot between my shoulder blades and lean heavily. Our conversation went something like this:

"Yowwwww! Oh, wow! Cedric, stop!"

Cedric didn't say a word. And he didn't stop either. I gave my ropes a really good workout, but they held me tight while Cedric, concentrating intensely and swinging a heavy arm, cut streak after scarlet streak across the cheeks of my bottom. In my anguish and dismay I mentioned divorce—the possibility of leaving him forever. I promised never to see Bob Hinton again. I swore that I would do anything he asked. But Cedric's quirt fell steadily on my poor backside.

"Cedric, stop!" I yelled. "Stop, stop—please! Look, whatever you want, I'll do it—I'll do it, Cedric!"

Cedric's whipping of my ass stopped. His voice was icy as he said, "You know your faults, Ruby. I will extract no verbal promises you may not keep. I will continue this chastisement until your posterior can take no more. You may then have a chance to show contrition, not by words but by deeds."

The last word had scarcely left his lips when the quirt cut me again—and then again. It whacked away at me until I was beyond screams and dry of tears. No one was more surprised at how I felt than me.

The name of that guy who tied me up is Bill. Bill now has dinner with us once a week.

I think it's so I won't forget. ■



SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART

WITH TRICIA ALLEN & LINDA SHELDON

Since girls are sent to me from all over to be punished it is a scenario I've played many times. But it never palls. Each girl has her own approach to pain or servitude, and because they come of their own free will, albeit with distaste, they enjoy a degree of expression normally denied a maiden about to be chastened. I could tell Mona was going to be a sweetheart. She stood at my door, looking scared, but spoke up bravely.

"You're Miss Empson, aren't you? Please, I've come to be punished." She makes a distressful little moue. "I'm afraid I've been naughty."

I'm sure she's all of twenty, but she's the little girl type. She has me watering at the mouth even before she comes inside. When she's in the living room, she becomes timidly helpful.

"I expect you ought to fasten me some way." She looks around as though expecting torture. "I'm really scared. I've got an urge to run."

Sensible girl. I cuff her hands behind her back for the introductory interview. She acts relieved and smiles at me.

"Are you going to whip me, or hang me up by my thumbs, or something?" she asks. "I'm afraid I'm terribly naive."

I explain what's been ordered and about how immobility can be a real honest to goodness pain in the ass. She listens attentively, like a kid in school.

"Gee whiz, Miss Empson—a chair! You mean you simply tie me to a chair?"

Poor darling—she sure is innocent.

"Just a chair," I agree. "You won't be doing much traveling. In fact, you won't move at all."

"But . . . just tied up!" She is obviously greatly relieved. "I had expected at least to be whipped or chained in a dungeon or something like that."

"That can be arranged also," I tell her patiently. "But you won't really enjoy what's already ordered."

She holds up handcuffed wrists. She's fascinated by the shining steel bands that hold her tight. I grasp her and lead my neophyte to the room and to the chair. She makes herself naked with a compliance I find most charming. Some girls make an awful fuss about baring their breasts and then stand with scared hands covering their pubic hair, but not this one. She sits down and views the waiting rope with interest.

"All that for me?"







I assure her that is indeed all for her. I remove the steel from her wrists and bind them tight behind the chair with cord. She is breathless and tremendously involved. She does not move. I bind her carefully and without mercy. Ankles, knees, crisscross over her breasts and around her arms. She doesn't say a word. I sense her sensory absorption in what I am doing to her. Even when I deliberately make certain a cord bites deep, she makes no demur. I could use a lot more like this one!

"You've got a whip thing there on the floor, Miss Empson. Is that what you use on girls who have to be whipped?"

I wave it before her eyes to make her sweetly flinch. "It's a riding crop, dear. It really hurts."

"Perhaps you'll be allowed to use it on me next time," she offers hopefully. "I've always wanted to be whipped. Just once, of course."

My heart pounds. "Of course, I agree. But do you really plan on coming back? I don't think you'll enjoy this a bit."

"Oh, but I will. And you're so terribly kind about explaining things, and I really can't move much now. You were so right." She smiles up at me sweetly. "I expect to be naughty quite often, so I'm sure you'll be seeing me again."

I do not ask her sin. That's her affair. But to be paid to whip this nubile gorgeousness . . . ! My mouth waters and I tug hard at a knot.

"But why repeat it?" I ask. "Most girls think once is once too often."

"Oh, I'm sure I won't think that. This is ever so comfortable. You've pulled the ropes so tight I could go to sleep without falling. How long does it take for whip marks to fade away from a girl's skin? I mean, when she's been whipped real hard."

Shall I tell her now or later that she's going to be tied there for a week? I really don't have the heart.

I'm not a bit sure about this girl. ■







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